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the acquisition of property than in its possession. How often does the rich man, surrounded with every luxury, look back from the pinnacle which he has attained, with fond regret, to those days of humble but happy toil when he was struggling up the steep ascent of fortune! Make industry, then, a part of fireside education. Teach it to your children as a point of duty; render it familiar to them by practice. Personal exertion and ready activity are natural to some children, and these hardly need any stimulus to the performance of duties requiring bodily exertion. There are others who have an indolence, a reluctance to move, either uniform or periodical, in their very constitution. If neglected, these children will grow up in the habit of omitting many duties, or of performing only those which are agreeable. It is indispensable that such should be trained to patient exertion, habituated to the performance of every duty in the right time and the right way, even though it may require self-denial and onerous toil. A person who cannot compel himself, from a mere sense of duty, to overcome a slothful reluctance to do what is disagreeable, is but half educated, and carries about him a weakness that is likely to prove fatal to his success in life. Such a person may act vigorously by fits and starts as he may be occasionally urged by impulse; but the good begun will often remain unfinished, and, from subsequent negligence, will result in final disaster. The only safe way is to found industry upon principle, and establish it by habit. While, therefore, I would inculcate industry, I would remark that it may be carried to excess. Every virtue has its bordering vice. The extreme of courage touches upon the precincts of rashness, and a step beyond the proper limit of industry brings you into the dreary regions of avarice.—*Fireside Education, by S. G. Goodrich, an American Author.*

**THE SABBATH.**—Nature always seemed to me to “keep Sabbath” in the wilderness. I used to fancy that the wild birds were more quiet on that day, sitting on the branches with their heads under their wings, smoothing their plumage, or looking quietly about them, and sometimes venturing a faint warble, scarcely above a whisper. And I have seen a large wolfish animal stand for hours upon a dry log, on the bank of the river, contemplating the stream, or gazing into the air; once or twice, perhaps, starting suddenly a few paces, but then halting as if he had given up the idea; and his tail all the while hanging listlessly down, as if indicating that no enterprise could be undertaken on that day. Just like the merchant who may be seen in the city, on a bright Sunday morning, in clean shirt collar, and with hands thrust into his pockets, loitering slowly down the street, or standing in ruminating attitude at the corner, pondering carefully every step of the morrow’s tangled path, or perhaps calculating the amount of time lost in Sundays, by the whole world, taken individually and collectively from Moses’s day to the present time; but on the whole, enduring the Sabbath with Christian resignation.

**CRITICS.**—It is a little singular that the mass should attach much importance to the small opinions of every-day critics. Because a man happens to have the facilities of publishing his views and opinions to the world, though he be the veriest blockhead on earth, his verdict is often of more than ordinary weight among men. Indeed, a Johnson could not influence some men by his verbal opinion, to the extent that an ignoramus can influence them through “press and types.” The “dignity of print” has a strange effect. Although it is but one man who speaks, and he may have one hundred opponents who may argue successfully against him, yet they will all fail with the public. But let either of them publish the same opinion, and the ore, which was rich and weighty, becomes refined. Common critics, moreover, are always ready to find imperfections, for thus will the public be made acquainted with their penetration. In fact, many of them seem to think that to criticize is to find fault; “else (they reason) where is the necessity of criticism?” It is said that any fool can fire a house. So can any man criticize a book; but very few can build the one or write the other. Many of the vinegar-critics of the day who haunt the shores of literature, would utterly fail in penning even the preface to a respectable book. It is a recorded and well-known fact that many of our standard works were rejected for the want of a publisher, owing to the unfavourable opinion of stolid rule-and-figure critics; but when they came before the people, who, judging from the impulses of the heart, are never wrong, how soon was their verdict reversed! The PEOPLE are the only true tribunal. They separate, with the hand of a refiner, the dross from the gold.

By them genius is preserved, and pretension discarded.—*Knickerbocker.*

The boxes of the opera, splendid as they are, and splendid as the appearance of those in them is, do not breathe a spirit of enjoyment. They are rather like the sick wards of luxury and idleness, where people of a certain class are condemned to perform the quarantine of fashion for the evening.—*Hazlitt.*

**DECEIVERS.**—We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered; but our self-respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment; for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible of its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high-minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it, as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

**WIT.**—Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

**PREMATURE WISDOM.**—The premature wisdom of youth resembles the forced fruit of our not-houses; it looks like the natural production, but has not its flavour or raciness.

**POOR.**—A term of reproach in England, and of pity in most other countries.

**POETS AND ASTRONOMERS.**—Poets view nature as a book in which they read a language unknown to common minds, as astronomers regard the heavens, and therein discover objects that escape the vulgar ken.

**PEACE OF MIND.**—Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it; our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others: hence the reason why it is so rare; for, on how few can we count? Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing, which, while we possess it will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

#### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN No. 17.

Mr Teague, the enigma you sent me, my honey,  
Must mean, I conjecture, a round bit o' money;  
But what it can be, is a regular stopper,  
Unless it's a coinage from some kind of copper;  
Though your Dean of St Patrick's did not like the stuff,  
For this very fair reason—'twas not big enough.  
So here goes a guess—and, in truth, to be plain,  
It's a good honest Penny your honour will mane.  
Ah, Geordy, full oft have they tried to disgrace,  
With buffets and blows, thy right royal old face:  
Let them hammer away till they're all in a pet,  
For real solid worth thou'rt the best of the set.  
E'en O'Connell must own, though he don't like the mint,  
That thou art the cream of his flourishing rint!  
As for gold, it flies off like the chaff or the stubble,  
Leaving little behind but vexation and trouble.  
And that mealy-fac'd silver, experience of old  
Says is only too apt to take wings after gold—  
In fact, I ne'er found, from the mohur to piastre,  
That one kind or other went slower or faster;  
Do just as you like, it seems a thing plain'd,  
That one of those vagrants shall ne'er be on hand.  
We well know what wonders a Penny can do,  
What instruction and comfort a mite will bestow.  
The stores of the world, its rust and its lumber,  
Come brighten'd and polish'd in each penny number.  
The well-spring of knowledge is open to all—  
The Penny has spread it through cottage and hall.  
So now, my friend Teague, let the great have the guinea,  
You and I'll be content if we've always a PINNY.

Printed and published every Saturday by GUNN and CAMERON, at the Office of the General Advertiser, No. 6, Church Lane, College Green, Dublin.—  
Agents:—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, London; SIMMS and DINHAM, Exchange Street, Manchester; C. DAVIES, North John Street, Liverpool; J. DRAKE, Birmingham; SLOCOMBE & SIMMS, Leeds; FRASER and CRAWFORD, George Street, Edinburgh; and DAVID ROBERTSON, Trojgate, Glasgow.